

Grim Reaper

MRS. LOUISE (RAMBLER) BALSLEY, 82, was one of the oldest and best known residents of Connelville, Pa. She died Wednesday morning at 10:30, after a long illness, at her home, 1415 Third St. She was born in Connelville, Pa., and was a member of the Lutheran church. She was a widow and had one son, Mr. J. B. Balsley, who is now residing in Connelville. She was a very kind and generous person and was well known to all who knew her. Her death was a great loss to the community.



What Are You Going To Serve Those Hungry Youngsters?

With Karo selling at ever lower than the low pre-war prices, you can give the young folks all they want—in pancakes, toast or biscuits—or spread on bread.

YOU know it would take a young fortune to give children all the butter or jam or preserves they want to eat. That's one reason why so many mothers everywhere are giving their boys and girls lots of Karo—the Great American Syrup.

Karo is a true energy food and helps bring strength and vitality to rapidly growing children—who use up a lot of energy in their play and study.

They'll say it's delicious. Please don't forget to tell the grocer you need it for breakfast tomorrow.



Religious Meet.
One new member was initiated at the regular meeting of the Lutheran church held last evening in Odd Fellows hall. The service was a most interesting and profitable one.

Successful Card Party.
Two tables were in play at the second of a series of card parties given last night in the parlor of the Lutheran church. The proceeds of the party were for the benefit of the church.

Legion Holds Reception.
A reception of the case of the 'Legion' will be held at the Home Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Board of Education Entertained.
The board of education entertained a well appointed dinner Tuesday night at their home in East Connelville. The dinner was given in honor of the members of the board of education.

Selects Wedding Date.
Miss Lillian Hickey, daughter of Mrs. L. D. Hickey of South Elkhart street, Greenwood, has selected Wednesday, February 1, as the date for her marriage to Edgar W. McCutcheon of South Connelville. The ceremony will be celebrated in the immaculate Conception church.

Philatelic Class to Meet.
The regular meeting of the Philatelic class of the First Christian church will be held tonight at 7:30 o'clock in the church parlors.

Baptist Women to Meet.
A social meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the First Baptist church will be held tomorrow night at the home of Mrs. L. E. Coleman in Morris, Westview, Greenwood.

Mrs. Blitzer Hostess.
The Busy Bee Club and the L. C. Club will be entertained tonight by Mrs. C. Blitzer at her home in South Ninth street, Greenwood, and dinner at 7:30 of the two clubs are invited.

Birthday Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Fisher gave a delightful appointed birthday dinner last evening at 6 o'clock at their home in Porter avenue in honor of their daughter, Miss Alice Connelville. A color scheme of pink and white, with decorations and refreshments, centered the table was charmingly carried out. The evening was spent in music and other amusements. Out of town guests were Miss Margaret Reynolds and Miss June Bird of Confluence, Harold Ghose and Mrs. Hill of Grove City.

Mission Study.
A mission study in charge of Mrs. Graham field secretary of the Foreign Board of Missions of Philadelphia was held yesterday afternoon in the parlor of the First Presbyterian church. The study was on the topic of 'The Church in Africa' and was most interesting.

Silk Company Employees Dance.
One hundred seventy-five persons attended the fourth annual dance of employees of the Connelville Silk company held last night in the ballroom of the hotel. The evening was most enjoyable and the company was well served.

Dance Tonight.
A well appointed dance will be given tonight at Macdougall hall by the players of Bob Clark's store. The program of the evening will be most interesting and the refreshments will be excellent.

Arnetto-Haymond.
Miss Susan W. Arnetto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Arnetto of 1140 W. Main street, and Frank C. Haymond, son of Judge and Mrs. W. S. Haymond, both of Pittsburgh, were married last evening at 7:30 o'clock in the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. H. Glickman in the presence of a large number of family friends.

New World Junior Program.
The following is the New World Junior program to be presented Friday night at 8 o'clock in the First Christian church.

Baptist Church.
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Sparkle Nelson.
Miss Anna Sparks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Sparks of Somerset and Charles Leslie Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Nelson of Knoxville, were married at Somerset by Rev. Dr. J. H. Wagner.

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SUBSCRIBERS URGED TO BUY TELEPHONE STOCK

Personal letters being sent out by the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania are urging subscribers to buy telephone stock. The company is offering a special discount to subscribers who buy stock before the end of the year.

It is becoming more and more evident every day to thoughtful people that the future of the public utility industry is in the hands of the subscriber. By buying telephone stock, subscribers can help to build a better future for the industry.

Another advantage that now comes to the subscriber is the fact that the company is offering a special discount to subscribers who buy stock before the end of the year. This is a great opportunity for subscribers to save money and to help the company.

We understand that the American Telephone and Telegraph company is offering a special discount to subscribers who buy stock before the end of the year. This is a great opportunity for subscribers to save money and to help the company.

Local Man at Bell Telephone Company. A local man, who has been working for the Bell Telephone Company for many years, has been promoted to a higher position. This is a well-deserved promotion and a reflection of his hard work and dedication.

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MOTHER! Move Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Happy mother! Even a sick child loves the fruit taste of California Fig Syrup and it never fails upon the bowels. A teaspoonful today, makes a child tomorrow happy. It is so simple to give your child a healthy bowel.

Ask your druggist for genuine California Fig Syrup, which has made the bowels of millions of children and adults happy. It is a natural and healthy way to keep the bowels moving.

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ORPHEUM THEATRE Today, Tomorrow and Saturday



MARION DAVIS "The Restless Sex"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE ALSO BURTON HOLMES AND 2 REELS OF MACK SWEENEY COMEDY. The film 'The Restless Sex' is a masterpiece of modern cinema, featuring Marion Davis in a role that is both thrilling and touching.

"BEANTOWN CHOIR" At Dickerson Run Y. M. C. A. Thursday, January 26th

Since as Produced in Connelville Last Week Admission—Adults 50c. Children 25c.

TEACHING GREATES OF PROFESSIONS, AS VIEWED BY INSTITUTE LECTURER

Continued from page one. The institute lecturer will discuss the various professions and the challenges they face in the modern world. This is a must-see event for anyone interested in the future of work.

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Honest Advertising

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claimed unreasonable 'miraculous' properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we'll show you the answer all by itself. That it has all the virtues to day that was claimed for it in 1880. It is so true that it has been the standard for over a century. It is so true that it has been the standard for over a century. It is so true that it has been the standard for over a century.

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A local man, who has been working for the Bell Telephone Company for many years, has been promoted to a higher position. This is a well-deserved promotion and a reflection of his hard work and dedication.

Rub on Sore Throat

Menthol rubs on sore throat quickly. Made with oil of mustard, it is a reliable remedy for sore throat. It is so simple to use and so effective.

Cuticura Talcum Is So Refreshing

A few grains of this exquisitely scented powder dusted on the skin soothes and cools, and overcomes heavy perspiration. It is an ideal face and body powder and talc for the place of a perfume for the skin.

Proprietors.

A Birdie in the House

By FANNIE HURST

Mr. Kessler drained the last drop of his last glass, dry distaste puckering his features, so that his nose seemed to dip down into the stubble of his mossy beard, but smiled even through a shudder.

"Well, my little Della-sha, you're up for all day!"

"Every single minute of it, pa. Morning, Mr. Ganz!"

"Good morning, Miss Della. Just as fresh as a daisy you look."

"But, say, can't you find a better place to moon around than this smelly old spring? Ugh, that water smells like boiled junk!"

"Come, Della, let papa give you a glass and see how good it is for you."

"That stuff! I'd rather suck a cold storage egg through a mouthful of rusty nails."

"It'll make those bright eyes even brighter, Miss Kessler."

"Thanks, Mr. Ganz, but if I had any more health, I wouldn't know what to do with it."

"She should pass some of that extra health on to you and me, eh, Ganz?"

"I can tell you, Kessler, that when I look at Miss Della's rosy cheeks and the way she dances around, like she was playing tag all day with the sunshine and the wind, it does me more good than nine glasses a day. Where do you get your bright eyes so early in the morning, Miss Della? I tell you, Kessler, these are the things money can't buy."

"Pee, ee, ee, fuf, fuf! They're so I can see. So I can see, Mr. Ganz."

"Mr. Kessler wagged an argumentative finger in proximity to Mr. Ganz's nose, eyes and mouth."

"Like I was telling you, Ganz, with your dull eyes and bad color, I wouldn't be surprised if you got a little jaundice. For years, Ganz, I doctored for yellow color and—"

"Pa, please. Please! Quit swapping symptoms and let's trot to the links and join the crowd down there for a sun bath before breakfast."

"You, Della, go with Ganz so far you like. I go up now by mama on the porch. Before breakfast I got yet to breathe in one hundred deep breaths like the doctor says for my circulation. The pain in your left side, Ganz, ain't your heart, it's nothing but poor circulation—"

"It ain't exactly a pain, Kessler. Just like needle points up and down my—"

"Good-bye, Pa! Come, come, Mr. Ganz, let's go down past the De Leon spring. If you wash your face in it, they say it makes you beautiful."

"Then I take right away a bath in it, Miss Kessler."

His quick-stepped gait to her. His timidity had suddenly rushed up in a wave of color above his collar line, in his quickly withdrawn elbow when it brushed hers, in his hitching shoulders.

"You—you don't need no beauty spring like the rest of us, Miss Della. You—you're just beautiful without it."

"Whenever I fish hard for compliments like that, Mr. Ganz, there's a fellow at home always says to me he says, 'Cutie, you're a hard-working girl.'"

"Cutie! That's a mighty fine little name for you. That's just what you are, Cutie."

They were in the green twilight of woods, the sun barely flickering through except at the remote end of the tan-bark walk. Along that shadowed quest of a path, then and women in dress and that run-down look strode from spring to spring.

"Look," cried Miss Kessler, quickening her companion's pace to home, "just look at them all over there by De Leon trading symptoms before sun-up."

"You're right restless down here at the Springs, aren't you, Miss Della?"

"Restless! Well, rather! Me down here in the Alimentary Canal zone, when it's aro week and the Motor Cup races at home!"

"To think of a little Cutie like you being so crazy over airships. Aren't you afraid, Miss Della, to—"

"Afraid! Why, I've taken two flights already. I was among those present in Revillon's famous plane the time he carried a passenger at the Chicago meet. I went up with Arch Meyer the first time he tried out his old monoplane. I—"

"Just full of pep, ain't you?"

"Why, there's not an alarm ever dropped in at the office while I was stenographing that I didn't invite myself up with. Afraid! Gee, I can taste a flight now. Cloud in my mouth and rain before it's rain in my face! A feeling like all of a sudden my feet are cut free from asphalt and the world has slid out from under me. Up-up-up! With this warty old planet dropping away like a pebble off a cliff. Soaring on wings through the middle of a million years! That's the way it feels to you, Mr. Ganz, to go flying through space. If your rudder is vertical and the air gusts let the planes alone."

"Well, if you ain't just full of high jinks. I tell you a fellow like me, who lets himself get close up to forty with his nose and eyes to the grindstone, sometimes just keeps there from habit unless something like you comes along to wake him up."

"You self-made men, Mr. Ganz, are sometimes like home-made flying machines. After you get wings, you don't know how to use 'em."

"You bet I've been sleeping, Miss Della, but I'm awake now and—and you woke me."

"Flying, Mr. Ganz, is like any other principle where—"

"Now just don't you begin to get right away from the subject of—you like you did last night. Miss Della, when you wouldn't let me say what I've got in my heart to."

"It's you who changed the subject, Mr. Ganz. We were talking about air-planes and I was trying to tell you that we were standing on the edge of the air age. We've finished with the Stone Age and the Iron Age and all the other ages and now we are ready for the—"

"But, Miss Della, what I got in my heart to tell you is more important—"

"There are no limits to the airplane, Mr. Ganz, that's what makes it the greatest of all inventions. Mountains, seas, valleys and rivers won't be any more of an obstacle to men hereafter than a roller soap is to you, if you wave your hand over it."

"Ganz—"

"I worked in an aero office for six months, Mr. Ganz. I've heard them talk first-hand and seen what the boys with the ideas and the nerve are doing. Why, I know a boy right this minute who is putting the finishing touches to a biplane out in his back shed that not only is going to do the fastest flying this world has ever seen, but if ever he can get it before the public, is going to give the government the turn of its life in national defense. I know another fellow, too, Ed Waller of Dayton, is—"

"Man wasn't made for flying, Miss Della, or the Almighty would have given him wings. Just like he wasn't made for water or he'd have fins."

"And he wasn't made for roller-skating or the Almighty would have given him custers, is that your idea, Mr. Ganz?"

"Where I'd like to see you, Miss Della, is in a little nest right down here close to earth in a little elegantly furnished, steam-heated and janitor-service flat-for-two on the south side of Chicago."

"You're like mommy and papa, you haven't the vision of an owl in the sun. That's what's the matter with all of you. All your noses are worn off at the end from the grindstone. You've never dreamed a dream. You've never set in an airplane and felt it give that little pulling lift that clears the ground, and suddenly felt yourself skimming up past the sailboats to the sky. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"But, Miss Della, I know a young man got consumption from such high air as that. He—"

"It's the boys with the dreams and the imagination and the full attention in thinking. Mr. Ganz, not the scientists, who have given the world the jets and modern conveniences. Take Bjorn Bjornstad, the first man to volplane in the great exhibit flights at Great Neck. There's a fellow who slept on park benches and ate from door to door, so he could put every cent in perfecting that engine of his. Take Arch Meyer, the fellow I was telling you about. That boy could make any money in any business he made up his mind to, but what does he do, give up his dream? He does not. He's going to demonstrate by fancy flying and double-looping the loop four times his first exhibit, that his heavy machine is the most practical—"

"But to get back, little Cutie, to that nest for two, I don't think, Miss Della, this pain in my left side is scalding. It's just like, Miss Della, you had taken a little arrow and stabbed me right through the heart."

"What I was trying to show you, Mr. Ganz, is that you're wrong about flying. If you were to get yourself interested in the greatest invention of all time and put up a purse now and then for fancy flying, to help along the boys who are grinding back at death and making the history of the airplane, you'd get so wrapped up in the vital that make a heavier-than-air-machine fly, and—that maybe you'd forget your own vitals. Mr. Ganz, just try to imagine yourself flying at night, Mr. Ganz, with the air like ink around you, and—"

"The night air is bad for me, Miss Della, my joints—"

"Night air!" cried Miss Della.

thrusting her face forward as if she would drink in aerial champagne. "Why, the day they shut in my sleeping porch at home and I've got to stop smelling the stars all night, then let me die, say I, let me die!"

"There was a time, Miss Della, I was just like you, nothing could get the best of me. There's nothing the matter with me now, Miss Della, except all that's killing me since my mother died is—I feel a home. Miss Della, regular men's again and—and somebody to—to care one way or another about me, little Cutie, somebody to—"

"Please, Mr. Ganz, don't—"

"It's living around without a home has done it, Miss Della. When I had a regular living I had my health, and—and when I got my health, and Della, I'm as chipper as they come."

"Of course, you are."

"Home cooking is all I need, Miss Della. My doctor says if I stick to my diet and keep out of the night air until the swelling gets out of my joints—"

"Look," cried Miss Kessler, suddenly throwing back her head to sniff the fumes of autumn, "why it's just like coming out of twilight into high noon, isn't it? Look at those links and the flat country beyond staring back at the sea. Gee!"

They had emerged from the leafy shade of the woods into the white light of a sun-drenched morning. In the middle distance on the close-cropped links, a woman buoyantly poised for stroke let her hair loose.

"Look down there by De Leon, Miss Della, all of them at their sun baths. I tell you there's nothing like warm rays for getting the rheumatism out of you."

"Why—why—gee—"

"Get the Crowds Down Here."

"What, Miss Della?"

"Gee, what?"

"Miss Della?"

"I must have been dreaming. Look, will you! I never saw a crowd before. Look out there. What a field for a flight!"

"A flight?"

"What a rise a biplane could get off land like this. What a rise!"

"Just look over there in the sun, will you? Tom Riley, himself, Hirkhimer, then two big guns from New York and the whole crowd of them. I tell you it's a pleasure to be down here with all those big names, eh, Miss Della?"

On benches dragged from the shade trees put out into the white morning, a group of Hotel Cadillac guests spread themselves to the sun, the strutting lines of their conversation as insistent as the up and down curve of a bagpipe. Upon the knot of them, rapidly spread out there as if grouped by Watterson for a concert in oil, Miss Kessler flashed her inspired eyes.

"Mr. Riley," she cried and clapped her hands.

The proprietor of the Hotel Cadillac raised two hundred pounds of democracy and affability from a slant bench and executed an ambitious bow.

"Good-morning to you, little lady, and if you aren't as chipper as a chipmunk as usual."

Toward Mr. Ganz the proprietor of the Hotel Cadillac extended a heavy hearty arm.

"Well, Ganz, how are my springs treating you?"

"Great, Mr. Riley, except somehow my joints—"

"Mr. Riley, I've got an idea."

"You've got an idea, little Miss Della? That's nothing new for you."

"It just hit me like a bolt in the eye. It—it's immense, Mr. Riley."

"What is it now, little one, a dance in the grill or a long-distance water drinking contest?"

"I want you to look, Mr. Riley; you, Mr. Ganz and Mr. Hirkhimer; you, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Mangle and Mr. Lobenz. Look, Mrs. Van Litz, out there over the fields and what do you see? Look!"

"I see ride in front of me, Miss Gezzler, one pretty little girl—"

"CAP STUBBS."

Join the Partnership of 183,000 Owners in the Bell Telephone System

Become a Partner as well as a Subscriber

Not ten or a hundred or ten hundred people own the business, but a hundred and eighty-three thousand men and women, from all over the country, who have invested in one of the great American industries which bases its stability on that of the nation itself and the millions who, like you, use its service daily.

Shares of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. stock have recently been selling around \$118.

It may be bought by anyone through any bank or broker, or through any responsible broker on the Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston or Washington Stock Exchange.

An attractive investment for conservative people

The Company has 40 years of dividend history of never less than 7 1/2 per cent.

The earnings of the business are remarkably steady through periods of bad general business conditions as well as good.

Assets are far in excess of capital and debts.

There is character and enterprise in the management of the business.

There is public confidence in its fair dealing.

One share will, at the present dividend rate, pay you a return of \$9.00 a year. The dividends of a few shares will pay your telephone bill.

We shall be glad to furnish further information if you so desire.

Buy outright through your Bank or Broker, or on the Partial-payment Plan

Banks do not recommend any particular stock.

They desire, however, to encourage systematic saving and careful investing, and most of them afford the service and facilities of their loan departments to customers who desire to purchase reliable securities on the partial-payment plan.

The usual arrangement is to make an advance payment of approximately one-fifth of the purchase price, and pay off the balance gradually.

The dividends on the stock will more than pay the interest on the loan.

It is a fine way to save—to make a start as an investor as a partner in a conservative, reliable, established business.

The following banks will assist their customers in making such investments:

Colonial National Bank, Conneltsville, Pa.
First National Bank, Conneltsville, Pa.
Second National Bank, Conneltsville, Pa.
Title & Trust Co. of Western Pennsylvania, Conneltsville, Pa.
Union National Bank, Conneltsville, Pa.

Youghiogleny Trust Company, Conneltsville, Pa.
First National Bank, Harrison, Pa.
Central Bank of Dunbar, Pa., Dunbar, Pa.
First National Bank, Dunbar, Pa.
First National Bank, Perryopolis, Pa.

The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania

E. F. Patterson, Local Manager



JACOB M. LOEB JULIUS ROSENWALD

The Jewish residents of Chicago have just set a new record. In a few weeks they raised the sum of \$1,300,000 for the hundreds of thousands of destitute Jews in the war-torn, famine-stricken areas of Eastern Europe. This great sum was the result of a money-raising campaign such as the city had never seen before. Bankers and aristocrats, millionaires and clerks, worked as volunteers side by side. Mrs. Joseph Fish headed a division of 1,500 women workers who contributed materially to the total.

The money was raised for the \$14,000,000 national fund being gathered by the American Jewish Relief Committee to aid the Jewish population in Eastern Europe, who, three years after the armistice, are in worse straits than ever as the result of wars, civil war, famine and pestilence. Chicago's quota was fixed at \$250,000. But after Jacob M. Loeb, former president of the Board of Education, had given up his manifold business interests to assume the chairmanship of the campaign, and Julius Rosenwald, the noted Jewish philanthropist, became honorary chairman, the two insisted that the quota be doubled to \$500,000. "At Chicago we go over that," they declared.

few faint heart: who hinted at "winging?" That became the slogan of the campaign.

At a preliminary luncheon Mr. Rosenwald made the modest announcement that for every seven dollars subscribed he would give one. A few days later one of the largest public meetings ever held in Chicago took place in Sinai Temple. More than a thousand were turned away from the overflow meeting. That night Chicago set a new record in giving. In less than 30 minutes over \$50,000 was pledged.

Then Mr. Loeb began bombarding the Jewish residents of Chicago with his question: "Suppose you were starving. It came to them in their morning mail. It faced them in posters and advertisements. Several hundred wealthy Jews were invited to a banquet at a leading hotel. They found themselves in a dining hall dimly lighted by candles, at pine board tables, without cloth, glass or china, and it proved, without fail, a grim, foodless banquet made a profound impression.

Of the total raised Mr. Rosenwald's subscription was \$225,000.

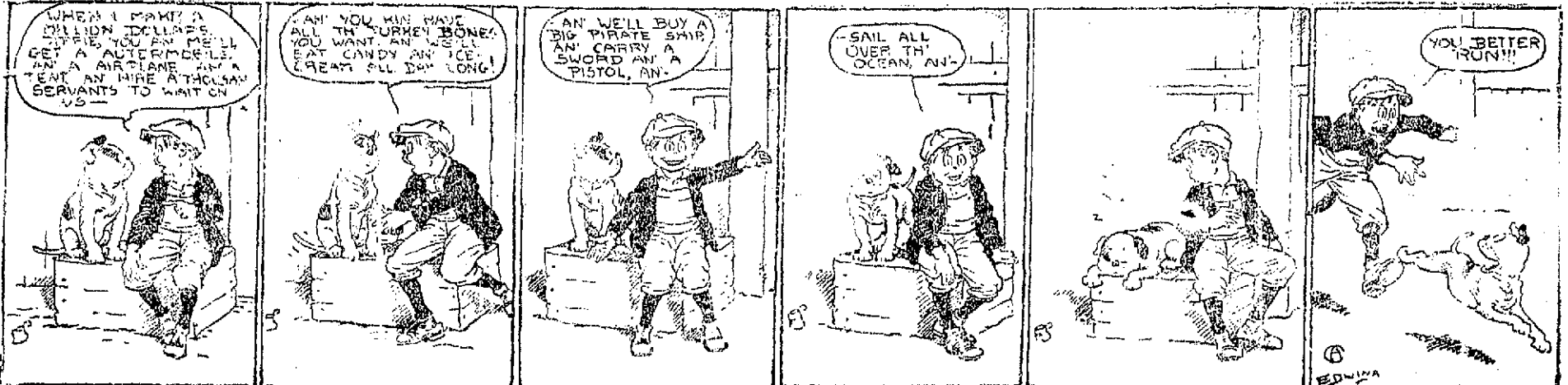
By EDWINA.

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